Systemic Documentation of Family Estrangement
California Board of Psychology Case No. 6002024000256

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Purpose of Record

This document is not a plea, but a record.

It preserves lived experience and documented correspondence concerning family estrangement and professional boundary issues, including material already presented to regulatory authorities.

Scope

- Personal accounts rooted in direct lived experience.
- Quotations drawn from original correspondence.
- Interpretations and conclusions are my own, based on decades of experience.

Notice

This record is distributed to a limited group for purposes of accountability, transparency, and preservation. It is not intended as solicitation or defamation, but as documentation.

Any omission or excerpt risks distortion; meaning is in the whole.

This stands as record. Meaning comes from the whole, not from any excerpt.

The script is familiar: reframes, claims of complexity, or shifting the rules mid-sentence. Facts were never addressed on the merits; instead, the boundaries of what counted as resolution kept shifting. That pattern is documented here. This is not persuasion; it is a record placed beyond later reframing.

This is not a family quarrel. A licensed psychologist acted in ways shown in his own emails and written admissions. When the California Board of Psychology responded, it closed the case on jurisdictional grounds, not conduct. What silence once protected in the family was later reinforced through professional process.

To: the primary parties concerned: Tova and Michael, Ivy Keating, LCSW, Yaakov, and Dr. Joshua Coleman.

CC: David and Dr. Jack Dunietz.

BCC: included only to ensure this record survives in more than one place, including with the **California Board of Psychology (Case No. 6002024000256)** and other parties positioned to safeguard, archive, and assess; **no response is required.**

I send this the day before my 52nd birthday; Tova, the following day you turn 79. That timing is deliberate — part of the record itself: how much time has passed, and how long silence has stood.

Your story required silence. This record requires exposure. What family preserved through silence, and what professionals preserved through procedural gaps, exposure now preserves for me.

On April 26, 2025, the California Board of Psychology responded to my complaint against Dr. Joshua Coleman — a year after it was filed. The Board closed the case for lack of jurisdiction because I was not his patient. The file was closed; nothing addressed the conduct.

This record documents harm sustained through **two intertwined systems**: a family structure built on secrecy and silencing, and a professional system built on deflection and reinforcement.

From the start, my identity was subordinated, my sense of self overwritten to sustain others. Each time I noticed or spoke, the response was ridicule, dismissal, or pathologizing. What

was called a family story was in fact the gradual replacement of my reality with others' version of events. By the time I spoke for myself, I was already speaking against a narrative rehearsed for decades — myths of a 'miracle child' and a family 'rescued,' while the unspoken truths beneath those myths remained carried intact into therapy and institutions. That minimization reflects the system: harm recast as exaggeration, documentation recast as obsession.

That trajectory culminated not with family alone but with a licensed psychologist re-entering the dynamic, long after the harm was already documented. What might have stayed silent was reopened under professional authority — the role meant to safeguard boundaries instead crossed them.

This record exists only because the system itself was sustained through the actions, silences, and reinforcements of those named here. What follows is its full shape — how family and therapy reinforced one another, how what could have stopped was passed on, and how what should have helped instead caused harm.

This is not an invitation to dialogue or reconciliation, but a permanent record. Whatever the response — silence, dismissal, or deflection — it will stand alongside this record.

If that reads as no-win, it mirrors the bind of my youth: denial proved the charge, agreement surrendered ground, silence was whatever served in the moment — antagonism, compliance, agreement. That bind was sealed before I reached adulthood. When I pushed back, it was often described to me as defiance; when I was confused, I heard it framed as a personal flaw.

What was demanded of me — silence, distortion, endurance — was never demanded upward from those imposing it. That asymmetry is the measure of harm: what was demanded downward was never tolerated upward.

Stripped of this context, the picture changes materially — that's why I include it; any focus on tone over documented conduct only reinforces the system's prioritization of performance over truth. What's written reflects lived experience and documentation gathered over decades, material already present in professional and personal records. Every quotation is drawn from correspondence; every interpretation reflects my lived experience.

Section 1 — The Consent of Silence

For eighteen years — since 2007 — I've waited for anyone involved in the making and maintenance of this estrangement to act on what was already documented. As I wrote to you then: *"I will no longer participate in a relationship where my history is rewritten to serve your comfort."*

What should have stayed closed was reopened again and again — not for repair, but for leverage. This ends the cycle not because resolution exists, but because speaking is the only way forward that preserves me without distortion.

I was told to let it go — while the pattern continued. For decades, what remained unspoken still carried weight. Whatever the reasons, the effect was the same: I carried the cost.

I was never asked to change for truth, only so the story could stay intact. I am told, even now, that it matters because *it's family*. What matters more is what was done. Titles are not absolution. When misused, they extend the damage. The lie outlived the people it was meant to impress, and yet you enforce it still — not for love, not for truth, but to preserve the story.

Estrangement is not a rupture. It is a system — deniability, laundered narratives, credential-shielding, and process driven silencing.

That system began with me as a child. My awareness was treated as defect, my questions as insolence, my reality as illness. The effect was that my self-image was undermined while others remained intact. That is the foundation every later betrayal was built on.

That structure is why, Dr. Coleman, your actions belong in the record.

Those Named in the Record:

Tova — For five decades I have seen the same patterns play out with me. Even after I stated "*no contact except emergencies,*" I received contacts outside emergencies. Whether through family channels or under professional cover, the effect was the same: my boundaries were erased, and the pattern reinforced.

Michael — With you, conflicts often moved away from direct engagement; I was left as the '*problem'* for naming them. For years you told me, *"You've got your mother wrong."* No — I had her exactly right. That refrain left me doubting my own perceptions, replacing what I saw with your reassurance as reality.

Ivy Keating, LCSW — You are included because your involvement was never peripheral. Even as a teenager, your voice entered decisions that excluded me from my own life, and your participation gave those decisions legitimacy they would not otherwise have carried. The effect was clear: my removal was treated as legitimate because it carried your participation. That weight of legitimacy erased me. You were 15 but I was 6 — and the responsibility was handed downward anyway. That asymmetry is the system itself: children carrying the weight others refused.

Yaakov — You acted to protect the same secrecy this record addresses. In 2025, you treated my visit to you as a secret — even after I told you there is no secret. That silence repeated the same pattern we both inherited, where protection of the story always outweighed truth. I remember when I was twelve, your father showed me a bank book he said to show me what was mine, adding quietly not to trust my mother. I mistook it as a test of whether I would keep silent. As an adult I see it as part of the same inheritance: truth offered indirectly, silence surrounding it.

David — For decades, I stood as your supporter, often when no one else did — driving you to cancer treatments, helping with your projects, setting aside my own life because I believed we might finally stand as brothers, not identified patients from the same manor raised. That belief carried me further than it should have. In 2022, when I detailed this cycle, your reply — "ineffably off" — was a dismissal. I asked, *"*Which part?" You never replied. Days later, I wished you a happy birthday. Your answer — "Love You! Thanks!" — and nothing more, recast years of support as my denial: effort met with indifference.

Dr. Joshua Coleman — Your conduct became part of the same system described here. You entered under professional letterhead, but in practice the effect was indistinguishable from serving as a family emissary. The safeguards that should have protected me disappeared. Despite prior correspondence and admissions, the role was repeated.

Dr. Jack Dunietz — You were the only one in this history to act as a therapist should — steadily, without agenda, and with integrity. For the first time in decades there was traction — progress grounded in what was in front of us, not in the family's script. That progress ended the same way: the family withdrew financial support. I paid out of pocket to continue because the work mattered that much. Your place in this record is different. You stand here not because you failed but because you proved what had been missing all along. For that, and only that, I thank you.

Section 2 — Dr. Coleman and the System He Entered

After months of consideration following my June 2025 message, I concluded you belong in this record. The chronology shows not only what you knew, but what you admitted, and what you repeated. My words, your words, and Tova's are all here. No one can claim they did not know.

Here is the throughline: 2016, you engaged at her request. 2017, you carried words without accountability. 2018, you admitted you "didn't do a better job…supportive of [my] interests." In 2024, you contacted me again at her request.

2016 – The Introduction

The record begins in December 2016, when my mother first invoked your name.

- December 19, 2016 — Tova wrote: "I have been speaking with a psychologist, Dr. Josh Coleman, because I want to understand what I'm doing wrong in our relationship."

Her framing was decisive. It identified the relationship as hers, not ours.

- December 23, 2016 — Four days later, pressed for clarity, she provided your contact: "Here is Dr. Josh Coleman's email: drjoshuacoleman@comcast.net."

She provided a personal Comcast address rather than a clinic account.

I proceeded in good faith.

- December 25, 2016 — I wrote: "Please reply back to confirm that she is indeed your patient."
- December 26, 2016, 12:21 AM — You replied: "Yes this address is fine."

Later that day you clarified: "I have met with her over Skype for 3 times. What I do in these situations is not really therapy… consultation/education meetings to assess whether a reconciliation is possible."

From the start, the role was mediated through her, tied to her, without the boundaries I expected from a professional.

2017 – Neutrality as Transmission

I met regularly with you for what I understood to be background sessions for my mother's therapy. By 2017, the conduit role was entrenched. You relayed her to me, me to her — commentary wrapped around, accountability stripped out.

March – Preparing for a joint call

- March 18 — You proposed: "Does Monday, 3/27, at 5:30 EST work for phone session with your mother and me?"
- March 23 — I set three conditions: "I'm not interested in a conversation where Tova & I 'start anew'… Please assure me this is not your intention."

Later that day I listed grievances: she told my grandmother I hated her; she denied beatings; the bris story told at my expense.

You replied: "Yes those all seem reasonable as requests."

- March 31 — I asked for three good childhood memories. You answered: "I will pass that on and discuss with Tova next week."

Transmission only. My questions went out; no answers returned.

August – Visit negotiations

- August 8 — I reached out about upcoming travel. You: "Still working with your mother and that's going well. Did you want me to pass anything on to her?"
- August 10 — You vouched: "I do think she's committed to being a better mother to you."
- August 11 — You tempered expectations: "Hard to imagine anything too significant would be accomplished beyond connecting."
- August 16 — You relayed her travel plans, adding: "The Mill House is available if you'd like to stay there."
- August 21 — You described her direct outreach as: "Her contacting you… had more to do with getting me out of the position of communicating logistics." Hours later: "I'm not sure your inferences accurately reflect her progress… I think she's in a good place psychologically either way."

Her direct contacts continued unchecked, sometimes even described back to me as progress.

September – Birthday trigger

- September 3 — Tova wrote me directly: “Happy Birthday. We wish you Health and Happiness Always. Love, Ima & Dad.”
- September 4 — I told you: “I really do a whole lot better on my birthday not thinking about family.”

You replied: “I don’t think there is a birthday wish that would really feel very satisfying… I know that’s a lot of psychologizing since I don’t know you well, so please forgive my guesswork here.”

Later that day I answered: “If Tova ever viewed me as you just did, amends would have made long ago.”

2018 – Boundary Crossings and Admissions

When I eventually asked who was paying, your exact words, in an email dated January 14, 2018, were: “I do bill Tova for our time.” You denied she was your patient. For me, that confirmed I was being treated as if I were the patient — again — without consent, while Tova was the client of record.

That dynamic positioned her narrative as the frame and mine as the variable.

I gave you two options: communication only if she committed to therapy, or none at all. You admitted mishandling, and I stepped back believing it was closed.

- February 13 — After I received a LinkedIn invite from Tova, I reminded you that contacting me caused harm and that she knew this. You replied: “I have no idea why she’d send you a LinkedIn request and agree that she should definitely know better!”

Acknowledged in writing, never corrected. The pattern continued.

- March 21 — After I objected to your carrying her messages, you wrote: “Very sorry to hear that my comments triggered you. Definitely not what I would’ve wanted.”
- March 22 — You conceded outright: “I’m sorry I didn’t do a better job of navigating this in a way that felt more supportive of your interests here with your mom.”

That was not neutrality. Her account set the frame; mine was treated as the deviation. Less than a year of therapy could not outweigh the years I had already spent.

I replied: “This effort was about her wants and needs. I hope this might serve as a cautionary tale for you with future parents.”

From the beginning, I told you plainly: my mother would manipulate you, and the moment you could not deliver me, she would leave you.

In 2018, you admitted in writing that you mishandled the situation. The matter could have ended there. Instead, in 2024, you re-entered at her request, with prior knowledge of the harm already documented in our correspondence.

2024 – Re-Entry and Repetition

In 2024, six years after admitting mishandling, you re-entered at my mother’s request — repeating the same pattern.

- March 2 — You admitted: “I’m not currently working with your mother… She asked me to reach out to you re: her upcoming trip and I obliged. I was doubtful you’d want to but figured you’d just tell me no.”

- March 5 — I reminded you of your 2018 admission. “This is the third time you’re not supportive of my interests.”

You replied: “I have no hidden intentions… I won’t reach out again unless you request it.” Then retreated: “I’m only doing 1–2 session consultations these days rather than ongoing therapy.”

The arc is clear in the correspondence: re-entry occurred at her request, it was admitted in writing, and later there was an attempt to step back once the issue was raised.

Eight years show the same cycle:

- 2016: You accepted entry on her terms.
- 2017: You characterized her direct contacts as logistical/part of progress.
- 2018: You admitted in writing that your actions “had not supported my interests,” even as you billed my mother, though she was no longer your patient.
- 2024: Despite that admission, you re-entered at her request, carrying the same breach under professional letterhead.

Given your ‘without shaming or blaming’ framing, the effect in practice, as shown in our emails, was the parent’s narrative prevailing in 2017–2018 and again in 2024.

The Board closed my complaint for lack of jurisdiction because I was not your patient; it did not address the conduct documented in our emails.

You admitted. You repeated. The Board closed for lack of jurisdiction. That is the record.

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Section 3 — The Therapeutic Machinery

In this history, some chose to keep the lie intact rather than face it from my vantage point.

What looked like decades of help was in practice a machinery that preserved concealment — institutions and professionals carrying the same family narrative forward under a professional seal.

If these sessions had been isolated failures, there would be no need for this record. But the therapeutic history is not a list of mistakes; it is a structure that preserved the same family myths under a professional seal.

The Resume

On paper it reads as treatment; in practice it was a relay that preserved the same story.

- **Third Grade** – Dr. Sowers

Brief sessions with the school psychologist. Even Tova admitted in 1992 that Dr. Sowers told her to tell me the truth. She didn't. Nothing changed.

- **Sixth Grade** – IQ Testing for a **T**alented **A**nd **G**ifted program

During the session, not understanding the purpose of the test, I tried to send up a flare by telling wild, erratic stories in response to Rorschach slides, hoping an evaluator would see something was wrong.

It backfired: what I thought was a plea for help was written down as *creativity*.

- **Eight Grade** – Regular Therapy

Weekly sessions with a therapist. For the first time, I thought someone might finally see what was happening in that house. It ended quietly, with no explanation. The outcome was unchanged.

- **High School** – School Psychologist

Administrative check-ins only — despite danger-to-self or danger-to-others ideation. No challenge to the narrative already built.

- **Fall 1991–Spring 1992** – Stony Brook Outpatient

I was still actively using, still buying into the idea that *being messed up* was an identity.

Whether or not they knew the truth, no one told me. Either outcome is indictment enough: if they knew, they withheld; if they didn't, they were treating a symptom without knowing the cause.

- **Spring 1992** – Parkside (Kissimmee, Florida)

Sessions described as *relaxation* and *guided*.

I experienced lasting aversive reactions afterward (to alcohol, marijuana, exercise, and physical intimacy) that hadn't been present before. The sessions left lasting effects I still carry; whether by conditioning or other method, the outcome was the same.

Labeled a *"special type of addict."*

Payment was out-of-pocket; I don't recall insurance being used. No records were provided, despite my being of adult age.

Disclosure finally came, but only on others' terms, in a staged intervention room — Tova consoled by Michael about how hard it was for her. Even revelation was delivered through machinery designed to control the frame.

The deeper impact of this episode is addressed later.

- **Summer 1992–Summer 1996** – Post-Parkside

Outpatient therapy in New Jersey alongside sessions with Dr. James Meltzer in New York City.

Parkside's frame followed me. Continued 12-step meetings and an upstate New York therapist who stayed passive. Every professional I encountered appeared already briefed by family. I walked in mischaracterized.

- **Spring 1997–Early 2000s** – Los Angeles

More of the same: a carousel of professionals, all starting from the same family script.

I was willing to try anything — cycling through psychiatrists, therapists, and prescriptions (including Seroquel, Tegretol, Adderall), searching for a way to feel right inside myself while my life was unraveling.

12-step meetings reinforced the message that I was the problem. Though I was completely sober, I was extremely far from recovery.

In the middle of those struggles, Ivy Keating, my stepsister, called (or perhaps I called her). She read me the DSM-IV classification for 'Generalized Anxiety Disorder' as if she were my clinician. It was inappropriate and intrusive — another instance of others defining my reality for me.

- **2002–2006** – Back to New York

New city. Old scripts.

I didn't return to therapy — already disillusioned by the repetition and the absence of any clean start.

- **2006–2007** – Dr. Jack Dunietz

After decades, progress finally began. I chose him because he had refused to treat David after recognizing manipulation. Progress ended when Tova terminated him.

On February 5, 2007, I arrived with a letter, paid for my own session, and walked out unfinished.

- **2017** – Dr. Joshua Coleman

Years later, in 2017, Dr. Coleman entered — paid for by Tova. No disclosures. No neutrality. Ultimately, his involvement became another link in the same chain that began in childhood.

His involvement aligned with the field's incentive to frame reconciliation as success, even when it reinforced the parent's narrative.

This wasn't a series of isolated failures. It was a system with three defining features:

- Each new therapist inherited the same story.
- Each time someone started to help, the plug was pulled.
- And every time, I was told therapy had failed — when in reality, the failure was systemic.

This history also points to a systemic gap: when the patient — the one receiving services — and the client — the one paying — are not the same, accountability fractures. Liability slips between the cracks: the payer sets the terms, while the patient bears the consequences. In that gap, harm can be rationalized as help, particularly where financial incentives or reputational gains exist. Psychologists and parents alike can compartmentalize, but in a field built on trust, the lack of scrutiny over this arrangement leaves the door wide open to distortion.

Public narratives often prefer simple frames; that convenience lets misconduct survive. Every time complexity is collapsed into caricature, the system breathes easier.

Given Dr. Coleman's knowledge set — the correspondence, the prior mishandling, his own admission — the re-entry could not reasonably be mistaken as neutral.

Process-Driven Silencing

Filing a complaint at fifty should be absurd — it is itself proof of how long accountability was evaded. The wrong is that decades of adult refusal to take accountability left me no choice but to revisit the damage.

After a year, the California Board of Psychology closed my case with a single paragraph:

> *"The Board is only authorized to take action against those individuals who have violated the Laws and Regulations relating to the Practice of Psychology. As you were never a patient of Dr. Coleman's, the Board does not have jurisdiction in this matter. Therefore, cause does not exist to pursue further action and the Board has closed its file."*

One line erased two documented facts:

1. Dr. Coleman admitted mishandling, billing my mother while framing me as the patient in 2018.
2. The subsequent 2024 unsolicited re-entry under a professional signature.

The Board's dismissal didn't erase ambiguity; it erased clarity.

My position had already been made plain in 2018: I set two options — either communication if she committed to her own ongoing therapy and self-awareness work, or no communication at all. Dr. Coleman acknowledged in writing that he had mishandled the situation and failed to support me.

That acknowledgment was the closest anyone in this history ever came to responsibility.

Years later, in 2024, he re-entered as if none of it had happened. By treating the episode in isolation, the Board erased the prior admission, the conditions I set, and the context in which re-entry occurred. Years of documented conduct was reduced to a formality.

Procedure operated where accountability felt needed; the net effect read as avoidance. The harm was never in the work; the harm was in refusing to do it. As this email is blind-copied to the California Board of Psychology, the decision not to act is now documented alongside the case number closed with that single sentence.

The effect of that logic was not the absence of harm; it institutionalized it — erasing prior admissions and collapsing years of correspondence into a formality. What happened here repeated what happened at home: the record rewarded form over truth, procedure over fact.

This is the system:

- If it is not written down, it did not happen.
- If a signature is missing, there is no harm.
- When the paperwork is in order, it protects the professional — not the person who lived it.
- That is the standard the Board endorsed. This record exists because of it.

This is one way harm can persist in plain sight — masked by claims of neutrality.

The institution echoed the house: forms over facts, signatures over harm. What secrecy preserved in private, procedure reproduced in public.

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Section 4 — The Beginning

Tova, much of this traces through decisions you made and maintained.

This didn't begin in 2017, when I gave one last effort to enter a scripted *'repair'* under Dr. Coleman's watch.

Nor in 2015, when Michael — writing from your account — reduced my last phone call with him asking to respect a boundary to: "I am sorry you are filled with so much anger and bitterness. I will not contact you again."

Nor in 2007, when I walked out of my final session with Jack Dunietz after Ivy repeatedly interrupted a one-page letter I was reading. I had paid for that session.

For me, it began far earlier — with withheld facts and reactions that kept me quiet while the external image stayed intact. The effect was that whenever I named what I saw, it was treated as a threat to the myth.

Those same myths often preceded me into therapy rooms — polished, already protective of you — so that even in a room meant for truth, I began at a disadvantage.

I remember; this is not nostalgia but documented inventory — naming what was never supposed to be named.

What followed — rooms, case files, professional signatures — was only the continuation of something older: myths that were the blueprint for everything that followed — what was told, what was hidden, who was believed, and how professionals responded.

If this were only about two myths, I wouldn't be in my fifties filing a complaint with the California Board of Psychology. These weren't stories; they were the operating system — dictating how my life was seen and sabotaging every attempt at help.

The First Myth: The Miracle That Wasn't

These systems didn't appear from nowhere. They were built on stories — the kind told to dress chaos as order. The first was that I was a miracle.

I was born one day before your birthday, Tova, after what I was told were years of trying. The refrain was constant: “You were the greatest birthday present I ever got.”

That refrain — one you and your family wove into a legend — cast your father, my grandfather, imprisoned by the Russians while fleeing the Nazis, given up for dead, dreaming one night of an uncle who promised the family line would continue. He lived. Decades later, my birth was folded into that prophecy: a barren marriage suddenly blessed, proof that God had intervened. Even my name, Yochai — “God Lives” — was chosen to carry the weight.

From then on, my life was made to serve that story. Pneumonia, water in my lungs, the scar where it was drained — each illness was folded into the miracle. I still carry the image — real or retold — of looking down on myself, your hand on my lifeless infant body, begging God not to take me. I lived because you, Tova, prayed hard enough.

Each illness became part of the miracle narrative — proof you could protect while quietly removing my agency.

It made for a good story — but inside the house, survival didn’t earn me gentleness.

By five, I remember being hit, and living with blame, shame, and guilt — conditional love where disappointing you felt worse than being hit. Affection could vanish overnight, replaced by blame: I was told I had made you do it.

Outside, no one saw this. They only heard the miracle story. Questions brought ridicule: disrespectful, rude, selfish. Praise for being smart, talented, “a miracle” meant nothing once I pressed on what everyone already knew. My curiosity became a defect.

When others control the storyline, disagreement isn’t treated as perspective — it’s dismissed as misunderstanding. That dismissal protects the story, not the truth.

The cost of being the miracle child was being made to feel unstable for noticing the cracks.

Like most myths, it had a crack wide enough to split it open: it was never a miracle.

By late 1972, you were 26, in a marriage you did not want, working as a tour guide with a married man you already knew. Doctors had told you that you could not become pregnant, and you treated that as freedom from consequence. As I came to understand, I was conceived during a relationship outside your marriage — a truth I only learned as an adult. However the term is phrased, the result is the same: I was born into secrecy, and the cost was borne by me.

And it wasn't just between you and him. Over time I came to understand from conversations and family accounts that your parents, your brother, your first husband, and later the Weiss family also knew. They all waited for your cue. They all chose to let a "miracle child" grow up as the only one not allowed to know.

You may now say it wasn't a big deal.

But it was big enough to hide, to lie about, to rewrite the record without including me.

For nearly two decades, the story stayed simple: a miracle child, born after years of trying — a gift from God to a barren marriage. That version was repeated until it became its own truth.

Some of you perform to keep the peace, some to protect a brand, some to avoid confrontation, some to rewrite the past so you can live with it. Whatever the role, you know the rules: choose the part, play it well, never name it as a part. I was not brought into that system as a willing actor; I was cast as the problem so others could keep their parts.

The truth didn't surface until 1992, in rehab — twenty years after the lie began. As a child, I hadn't thought "affair"; I imagined adoption, and at ten and eleven I searched through crawl spaces and drawers while adults napped, convinced there was a record somewhere. Finding nothing, I came to believe I was unstable — I went silent — and redirected by Michael, who repeated the official version until doubt replaced memory.

Even when confirmation came in rehab, the truth wasn't revealed so much as managed — vague, sanitized, and presented as an exception. In reality, it was a myth built on survival, enforced by silence, and shaped into a lifelong debt I was never allowed to repay.

Tova got to choose how long the secret lasted.

A "miracle child" got to live inside it.

Since my birth, the silence around this wasn't absence of thought — it was the active choice to let the myth stand. Every year it held was another year of endorsement.

And then, years later, in 1980, came the second myth — the "newlyweds" rescue narrative.

The Second Myth: Stability Sold as Sacrifice

As a child, I was told this: Michael and Tova met by chance on a tour in Israel, fell in love, and replaced our old life with something better.

I first met Ivy and David in the Spring of 1980. From then, everything moved quickly. A year later, I was at Ben-Gurion Airport — my first flight — surrounded by family, told to be strong for Tova, and then suddenly it was just the two of us. A year after that, Tova and Michael were married. The story was sealed: newlyweds who had found each other, the start of a "stable" life — foretold, according to Tova's own repeated account over the years, by Hertzel Lifshultz, a tea-leaf reader who assured her she would marry an American and live happily ever after with great success, and later re-verified by you, Michael, through your sister-in-law Pat — the astrologer who claimed the stars had it mapped out and even hinted you might have been in Israel as far back as 1972, teeing up a retroactive "you are the father" moment.

For years, that was the version: I now had an older brother and sister, a new family — as if nothing had been lost, only gained. Michael added his own anecdotes — the bananas I ate too many of, the pick-up sticks game where he said I cheated, the "nail-biting" deal I supposedly conned him into. Repeated often enough, these became family lore, markers of how "we all came together."

This was adult self-protection, carried out at the expense of a child who didn't yet have the language to name it.

At eight, you don't question why a stranger is suddenly part of your life. You go where you're taken. You put on a face. You adapt, because there's no one else there. The father I believed was mine was gone. No one was fighting for me. I didn't speak English. There was no time to process — only to live the version I was handed, and carry it for decades.

In my late twenties — around the age Tova had me — I began piecing together the timeline, the moves, and the omissions. Then years later, in my early thirties, I learned their meeting hadn't been spontaneous. Reality ran deeper than I'd known. It wasn't chance.

In April 1980, around David's bar mitzvah, during a twelve-day tour in Israel — years after giving up on the idea that my biological father would leave his wife — Tova began a relationship with a married man on a Bar Mitzvah tour with his son, daughter, and wife. Within that brief trip, a plan was set in motion. Even if described later as 'romance,' the

reality was a brief liaison recast as destiny.

Michael was in his late thirties. Tova was thirty-three. That trip set in motion changes that continued — he returned to the U.S., came visiting back to Israel a few times, Tova visiting him, and within a year, the course of my life was changed.

Shortly after Passover 1981, before the school year ended, I was uprooted. It wasn't stability — it was a scramble. I was told to smile through goodbyes I didn't understand, to be strong for Tova without knowing what I was losing.

A new reality was in place. A year earlier I had never even met this man. The story I heard as a child was collapsed into a single refrain from Michael, repeated for years:

"I spent all my money coming to see your mother."

There was no mention, at the time, of what I later heard in family accounts: drugs, gambling, and failed businesses — one inherited from his father, one lost with his brother, and one forgotten entirely. No mention of the bar mitzvah incident — as it was later described to me — making advances toward Tova while still married, in his wife's presence.

None of that appeared in the story I was given.

Instead, it was framed as the sacrifice of a man who gave up everything for the woman he loved. That was the line. That was what I was expected to accept and uphold. It wasn't a confession. It was a narrative.

No context.

No choice.

No voice.

And when, as a child, I finally began to ask how a twelve-day trip in 1980 had turned into the whole of my life by 1981, I was told I was offensive. I was told I was rude. The truth wasn't to be spoken. The myth was what mattered.

That was the stability I was sold: not a family, a construct. And I was expected to uphold it, even as it cost me my sense of reality.

These myths didn't just shape the family story — they shaped the professional record.

Every therapist I sat in front of was already handed those scripts as the baseline: the miracle, the sacrifice, the stability. By the time I opened my mouth, I was already speaking against a version of me that had been written in advance.

Those years trained me to accept other people's definitions of who I was — even when they bore little resemblance to my own sense of self. Therapy rarely began with discovery; it began with a polished story passed forward as if it were fact.

The difference between our stories is structural. One version protects against shame and exposure; mine does not. One depends on silence and refusal; mine depends on being spoken aloud. One shifts when convenient; mine has held steady across decades and documents.

I know how it is usually reduced — "angry," "bitter," "ungrateful." That maneuver turns the witness into the problem. It is not rebuttal; it is performance. From childhood onward, the obvious was punished: questions treated as insolence, clarity called "paranoia," self-defense renamed defiance. The reflex to collapse truth into insult is not new — it is the same pattern I grew up inside.

These responses were not revelations; they were rehearsals. Deflection, reframe, forced apology. The routine only works if no one names it. But once named, it is revealed as avoidance, not resolution.

If it were never a "big deal," then why did the consequences last decades? Why punishments, silences, and apologies demanded in one direction? The answer lies in image, not truth. I bore penalties for a secret that was never mine — penalties that preserved someone else's version of perfection.

That imbalance is the through-line: as a child I carried the accountability that adults deferred. The awkwardness and betrayal I felt were not defects; they were signals of a structure that punished the one who noticed it.

What looked like therapy was instead a relay of the same account, passed from hand to hand, institution to institution.

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Section 5 — The Circle That Kept It Running

Many in the inner circle knew (some later acknowledged it to me), and their silence kept the machine running.

The orbit around Tova was so tight, so carefully managed, that every player could predict the others' silence before a word was spoken. They knew who would say nothing, who would divert, who would reframe, and who would pretend not to hear.

The 'big deal' was never the truth itself — it was the possibility that truth might knock the image off its pedestal. In practice, silence functioned as protection — shielding her and sustaining the version of events others carried forward. Through your choices and interventions, the effect was that the machine kept running, giving every participant cover to keep playing their part.

The only person who broke that pattern was Jack Dunietz. And in a record like this, the exception deserves to be named before the rest of the circle closes in.

5.0 – The Exception

Jack — already credited above as the exception that proved the rule.

5.1 – The Constant

Tova

From Sowers in the 1980s to Jack Dunietz in 2007, every therapist who might have cut through was removed, silenced, or destabilized. What could not be silenced in the room was managed outside it. When a professional began to see clearly, they were replaced.

In 1992 at Parkside, you acknowledged in the presence of professionals that Dov was not my father. Then you withdrew. The confirmation that could have ended the spiral was withheld. The truth stayed buried, and the spiral continued.

15 years later, during my final session with Jack on February 5, 2007, you sat silent while Ivy interrupted so often I could not finish reading my own letter. A single voicemail afterward: 'Sorry for what happened' — the only apology I can recall. Even then, it was regret for circumstance, not responsibility for conduct. It wasn't "I'm sorry for what I did," as I had been the one required to apologize — whether for what I did or for what I was accused of

doing — during formative years. Yours was regret for the circumstance, not responsibility for the harm. Mine was responsibility for harm, regardless of the circumstance.

For decades, what therapists and relatives knew of me came filtered through your edits. You called it concern. They called it parenting. None of it was real.

They believed you.

They repeated you.

They looked at me through your script.

Through your choices and edits, the effect was that the machine kept running — therapists replaced, narratives preserved, and silence reinforced.

That is erasure. And you maintained it — first, last, and always.

My silence bought your stability; the work I do now doesn't erase that debt, it only keeps me from passing it on.

5.2 – The Inner Circle

Tova's Parents

You were my grandparents. In many ways, you were the safest people in that house.

If I understood love as a child, it was in your presence. You kept Tova's apartment afloat, covered the gaps, and gave her the support she needed to keep the life she chose — one you didn't approve of, but enabled anyway. Maybe you believed in her. Maybe you felt you owed her. Maybe you simply parented by protecting, providing, enduring.

I remember the yelling — all three of you arguing. You telling me to learn Yiddish so I could understand. But I didn't need the words to know it was about me. And still, nothing was said to me.

You knew how much of the volatility in that apartment was tied to the story she had built and the way she was keeping it. You saw what it cost me. You had the power to break that silence — even once — in a way that would have mattered. For whatever reason, you never did. Maybe you accepted the version that was offered — that it was 'drugs' or 'mental health.'

Love and silence are not the same.

Silence is part of the record.

You helped keep the machine running.

Yaakov

I have never doubted your love for me. I believed it as a child, and I believe it now. That is why the gaps in this story cut deeper — the betrayal feels sharper when it comes from someone whose care I trusted.

I know what betrayal feels like because I betrayed you once. In trying to adapt — maybe even "adopt" myself — more fully into the Weiss family, I turned away from parts of our relationship. It happened most during the years you were in the United States, when I was trying to fit into a system that demanded I align with it at all costs.

Over the years, you helped fill in pieces I didn't have. In 2007, I believed you didn't know. Years later, I learned you — and your father — had known. That changed the story I had been telling myself about who kept what from whom. It closed some gaps, but it also left one that never heals: why was I never told while he was still alive? If I had known, I could have spoken to him directly as the only father-figure I had. Instead, there was only silence.

Silence doesn't erase love. Love doesn't erase silence. Both belong in the record, and both shaped outcomes.

Dov

You were the first husband — the man I was told was my father through all of childhood. For those years, you were a shadow in photographs, a name in references, a figure I was instructed to love without knowing, feeling guilt and shame for my increasing disconnection and betrayal for finding kinship with Michael during those formative years.

The truth surfaced at Parkside in 1992. Tova admitted it aloud in front of professionals. My questions at the time were: did you know before I was born, or only after?

However the timing fell, the silence held. No one stepped in to tell me directly.

I shut down after that disclosure. For a decade I said nothing, spoke to no one. From 18 to 28, it was locked inside me.

Only in my late twenties did I begin piecing it together, and in 2008, you finally gave me your side in full. You spoke plainly — without hedging, without evasion — and that dialogue

mattered. It was the first time anyone who had lived inside the secret treated me as someone entitled to the truth.

What I still carry is the gap between what you knew and what I lived. I grew up trying to live up to an image of you I didn't understand, feeling guilty when I connected more easily to Michael's small rebellions — driving, bending rules — even though his version came with its own costs. I thought that connection was a betrayal of you, and I carried that guilt without knowing the truth.

I have never known how much of your own family was told. I never asked, and I would never use it as leverage. That silence was different: not for gain, but not to cause harm. That distinction matters to me.

Your eventual honesty stands as proof that speaking plainly is possible. But it also stands as a reminder of how long I lived without it.

5.3 – The Seed

Carmi

I was told I met you when I was ten. That could have been the moment — right there — when the illusion broke. You could have said it aloud, cut through the script, forced everyone to deal with the truth. You didn't.

Maybe that's when the thought first lodged in my head that I was adopted. Maybe I sensed something in you that made more sense than the version I was being fed.

Growing up, the marriage between Tova and Dov never made sense. At my grandparents' house, I'd stare at the black-and-white wedding photo of the two of them hanging in the guest room. Her eyes never looked at him — they always seemed fixed on someone else. I didn't know it then, but that someone else might have been you.

I don't know the details of your marriage, your life, or what you told yourself to justify the silence. I was told years later by others that you often pursued women — a detail that explained much of what I had sensed as a child.

Instead, I was left with confusion — feeling the edges of a truth everyone else refused to name. You had the power to break that silence. You didn't. And the cost of what you withheld

wasn't just the truth — it was years spent trying to make sense of a story that never matched what I saw.

You didn't just withhold the truth.

5.4 – The Orchestrator

Ivy

I have never doubted that you see yourself as the one who keeps things moving, who makes decisions when others can't — or won't. Michael often described you as 'ruthless' — he framed it as strength. For me, it was ruthlessness toward anything in the way, including me. He said it many times over the years; if asked now, he'd likely deny it.

Your involvement began long before the late-1990s phone call where you read me the DSM-IV definition of "generalized anxiety disorder" as if you were my clinician. That crossed boundaries, and it was consistent with your pattern: professional language as a substitute for relationship, diagnosis as a way to set the terms of engagement.

The truth, as I later came to understand, is you set this in motion earlier. At 15 — in the spring 1980 (around April, at David's bar mitzvah trip) — you encouraged Michael toward Tova on that tour bus in Israel, with your mother present. I was 6. That moment set in motion what became the rest of my life. I have often wondered whether you saw your matchmaking as rescue, or simply as getting two people where you thought they belonged. Whatever your reasons, you never carried the cost of that choice. I did.

You've often preferred to manage outcomes, to structure appearances, to decide the ending before anyone else is allowed to see the beginning. If there's chaos, you orchestrate around it. If there's conflict, you prewrite the resolution on your own terms.

That same instinct was on display on February 5, 2007, in Dr. Jack Dunietz's office. I had a letter in my hands that I had waited to read aloud at a session I had paid for and invited you to attend. You interrupted so often I could not finish. The effect was that the session's ending was directed elsewhere.

I can acknowledge that your way of operating might have made sense in other contexts, maybe even saved other situations. But in this one, it was just another layer of avoidance — another way to keep the story in your hands and out of mine.

Your interventions — whether matchmaking in 1980 or interruptions in 2007 — had the effect of keeping the machine running, shaping outcomes before I could speak them myself.

5.5 – The Surrogate

Michael

Your role was to sell the story — spinning sacrifice, deflecting blame, packaging absence as virtue, offloading responsibility, urging me to "be the good guy" so no one else had to change.

At parties you told the "poor because I flew to Israel for Tova" story, sometimes making me the punchline — the child who supposedly complained about being poor. I never remembered saying that. It worked because it made you look self-sacrificing and me ungrateful. In reality, the flights were one year, and afterward we lived with comfort. You paraded me as your *"Renaissance boy,"* claiming credit for intelligence and curiosity you did nothing to nurture, while mocking or redirecting it whenever it threatened the script.

You called yourself calm, detached. What I remember is your anger — visibly upset at the hibachi restaurant staff over a late table, yelling at Mr. Lu — a supplier from Chinatown — when an order didn't arrive on time, or turning the clenched jaw on me at home. Once, at Midway, when I was 13 or 14, we broke into a fistfight. For me, that moment made clear what "respect" meant in your house: bearing the weight of your temper until it consumed me.

On the Mediterranean coast the summer of my bar mitzvah, when I admitted I sometimes thought of slipping off the rocks and dying, you said you'd carry my body to shore and console my mother. Even despair became another script where you staged yourself as caretaker. At 17, when I admitted to pot and acid, your reply was: "I'd rather you be doing cocaine." Each moment was a shrug disguised as guidance.

You liked to boast that you quit smoking by declaring into a mirror, "I am Mike Weiss, and I am a non-smoker." What you left out, in my hindsight, was everything else: the drinking, the gambling, the constant need for others to keep the house intact because you wouldn't. In 2010, Zina told me during her 1982 visit, she had seen you gamble away thousands in Atlantic City. David once told me he called from the Catskills, high and desperate, asking you for a bus ticket home. You obliged. When he arrived home, you looked up from your paper just long enough to ask if freebasing was done with needles. He said no. You said "Good." Then back to the paper. That was recast as care.

There was humiliation too: your disregard for boundaries in my presence; the mixed messages — telling me in sixth grade to "be cool like David," then a decade later regarding him — your biological son — as "your loser brother." Your words shifted with whatever made you look stronger.

And how many times did I believe you when you swore you wouldn't tell Tova — only to watch you go straight back and repeat it? Each time I was suckered into thinking you'd hold a confidence, each time the betrayal was the same. That's on me for believing you, but it's also the pattern: trust offered upward was never returned downward.

You lectured me often about "ownership." I gave you a list — being rescued by others, never reckoning with your compulsions, manipulating me at ten. You never touched any of it. Instead, you recast absence as virtue, telling others you were "doing what I want" by leaving me alone, as if withdrawal were amends.

Your hammer phrase was constant: "See, Yo-hai? That's the difference between a child and an adult." You used it to shut me down, to make sure my view never measured up. Years later you dismissed it — said you hadn't meant it — but I had been a child, and I believed you. Adulthood became a weapon, then was excused as nothing.

For decades you mispronounced my name — flattening the Hebrew ח (chet) into something easier for you. Tova said it properly. Friends made the effort. You never did. That indifference lasted as long as the phrase itself, and it carried the same effect: a refusal to meet me as I was.

You spoke often of my anger, my bitterness. Maybe so. But every bit of it traces back to the record you left: the stories you told, the temper you discharged, the burdens you shifted, the silences you demanded. You vented, I swallowed — called it parenting, but it was offloading that kept the machine running, even when I tried to step outside it.

You benefited from my silence; I pay the interest — the principal remains yours.

5.6 – The Enabler

Dr. David Euwema

Parkside, 1992, was the moment when disclosure could have corrected the record — when the adults in the room could have said: stop lying, stop hiding, tell him the truth. You were

there. You heard it. You saw the pattern. You had every opportunity to intervene — and you didn't.

I was 18 years old, placed in the under-18 unit. Already paranoid. On the plane alone, I thought: they already know who I am, what I'm wearing, where to find me. When I landed, strangers went through my belongings. I didn't resist. By then resistance felt pointless. Everything felt controlled.

You led me into guided 'relaxation' that felt indistinguishable from hypnosis to me. I remember lying there, fighting to stay awake, then slipping under anyway — not out of trust, but out of defeat. I told myself: if I resist, it won't matter; if I comply, maybe it will end sooner. That was the mindset I carried: paranoia dressed up as treatment.

The program operated like theater — rituals and scripts repeated, regardless of individual reality. Stripped, searched, put in scrubs, assigned roommates who cycled out in 28 days while I was kept for 53. Told to write out a drug history I didn't have. So I exaggerated so I could *"move levels."* Reading letters in front of strangers — letters written by Tova, by Michael, by Ivy, by David — that painted me as an addict, while none of them said a word about the hitting, the silence, the myths, the erasures. My life reduced to a script written by others, read into a room of people with no history of me.

Even my silence was turned into performance. At meetings they called my name. I'd say: *"Yo-hai. Pass."* Week after week. And then finally, I broke. I said: "*Yo-hai. Addict."* The room clapped. Applause for a role I never chose. I thought: now I've finally earned it. Now I can be like David — I've been to rehab, now I have the badge. That's what Parkside left me with: not healing, not truth, but a label sealed by applause.

I wasn't the only one. One of my peers — a 13-year-old — told me he pretended to stay awake through sessions and overheard staff giving directives about drugs and compulsions. At the time I thought he was bragging. Later, I realized his account echoed what my own body had already told me: these sessions left lasting effects that I still carry.

Those *"relaxation"* exercises stayed with me. For years afterward, I carried sudden aversions: to alcohol, to marijuana, to exercise, to intimacy. A decade of aversions I tied back to that place. I still remember the 'welcome back' dinner: fruit salad laced with alcohol. My body reacted instantly, violently. I called you. I don't remember your exact words — only that nothing was said to address it.

Years later, as an adult, I called you again. I asked about Parkside, about the silence, about what you knew. Every time, you diverted, changed the subject, refused to answer. Never once did you say the only thing that would have mattered: yes, I failed; yes, I knew; yes, I should have spoken.

You weren't just another adult in the room. You were the professional. You had the license, the authority, the duty to intervene. Instead, you folded yourself into the family's script. You called it treatment. In practice, it was managed disclosure: timed, partial, arranged for their benefit, not mine.

To my recollection, insurance wasn't used and I wasn't given records. Accountability felt absent. The family got what it wanted: a file that said "addict," a child reshaped into compliance, a diagnosis they could cite.

And me? I got 53 days of theater, paranoia confirmed as reality, scars I carried for years, and a professional who called it care.

You weren't neutral or passive: you led the sessions, oversaw my level changes, and heard the disclosure without correcting the record. Your actions had the effect of reinforcing the machinery. In silence, you functioned as a conduit for the family's narrative, not a safeguard. You called it treatment. It was silence dressed as therapy.

5.7 – What Was Preserved

So what. Yes — there was success. Amagansett before the Hamptons were the Hamptons. The Keys before the Keys were the Keys. From the South Shore to the North Shore. Then across the Sound. Each move an upgrade. Each step another story of stability. Turks and Caicos as the final stamp. The ascent is undeniable. Credit where it is due: you caught the wave early, you built it, you held it, you cashed it in.

None of that required silencing me. None of it required myths about miracle children or newlyweds. None of it required making me the cost of your stability. The truth is that the myths could only survive if I remained ignorant of it. To include me would have exposed the lie not only to others, but to you yourselves. That was the real threat, and that is why my ignorance became the price of your success.

If not for the myths, my life would have turned in other directions. I could have spoken about what I actually felt. I could have learned the ordinary lesson: people are fallible and still decent when they tell the truth. I might still have struggled. I might still have tried to end my

life — but over something that was mine. A girl. A boy. A heartbreak. Not emptiness. Not someone else's narrative written over my own.

That is the cost. The silence bought your stability, your wealth, your ascent. My price was emptiness, detours, a whole inner life redirected. And for that I am owed.

This was never a conspiracy theory. It was a web of people who all benefited from my silence. The effect was stability for others, while my cost was reality itself — sustained by silence, enabled by authority without accountability.

Section 6 — Narrative Manipulation as Abuse

The deepest harm was not a single act.

It was the erosion of reality — the machine running long after the first lie.

Parkside became the model: truth spoken aloud, followed by no action. Some will protect the lie to the end, even if it means refusing to see themselves through the eyes of the person they silenced.

This was never just about secrets. It was about control of the story.

By the time I was old enough to speak for myself, the version of me that existed in the family had already been written somewhere else.

By the time I spoke, I was already arguing with a script.

6.1 – Therapy as a Second Layer of Discrediting

When I turned to therapy, I found the same war — just in different rooms.

Each new professional inherited a prewritten file:

The "ungrateful" son. The "angry" one. The "difficult" one.

I entered spaces where my credibility had been pre-erased.

The few therapists who saw through it — like Jack — were removed the moment they validated my account.

That's why Section 3 reads like a revolving door. Turnover wasn't random — it was the pattern.

Jack showed what was possible when therapy wasn't scripted — when noticing the obvious was treated as clarity, not pathology. That's why his termination mattered: it was the only time in decades the work had traction.

Years later, when Dr. Coleman stepped in, it was the opposite. He knew the history. He had already read my accounts, understood the weight of what had preceded him. His actions echoed the same pattern — only now wrapped in credentials.

And when the California Board of Psychology later told me their hands were tied because I *"was not a patient,"* the circle closed again. Their ruling confirmed that credentials allow re-entry, reframing, and disclaiming without consequence.

Whatever the Board's intent, the effect was the same: credentials erased the conduct.

6.2 – Credentialed Courier

By 2018, Dr. Coleman had already admitted mishandling, acknowledged billing my mother, and confirmed the blurred roles. Despite that record, in 2024 he re-entered — this time from his professional account and signature block, carrying a family proposal under your professional signature.

> *On Feb 27, 2024, at 8:17 PM, Joshua Coleman <josh@drjoshuacoleman.com> wrote:*
>
> *Hi Yochai*
>
> *I hope you've been well.*
>
> *Your mother reached out to me asking for my help to re-connect with you[….]They wanted to know if you had any interest in meeting them in Israel[…]?*
>
> *Josh*
>
> *Joshua Coleman, Ph.D.*
> *Clinical Psychologist/ Author/ Speaker*
> *Senior Fellow: Council on Contemporary Families*

My reply was immediate: “You know that this is not what I would be interested in.”

His answer: “I understand.”

His own clarification stripped away judgment: she asked, he obliged.

I was clear. I wasn’t rejecting dialogue; I was rejecting the frame. What I wanted — what I had always wanted — was accountability, not another script handed back to me under professional letterhead.

His reply did not alter the role he assumed; it continued the same pattern under a neutral tone.

A year later the California Board of Psychology echoed it, closing my complaint on the grounds that I was *“never a patient.”*

And that is the point. This was never about one man. It could have been anyone. But Dr. Coleman had become a public authority on estrangement therapy — urging families to respect boundaries — while, in my case, crossing them. This is the gap: boards that confine review to formal treatment relationships leave this conduct outside their remit. Professional trappings can carry family proposals into an inbox and still be treated as neutral.

When oversight confines itself to formal treatment relationships, the credential becomes the courier — carrying harm as neutrality, while the conduct goes unaddressed.

6.3 – The Weaponization of Story

From the moment I began asking questions, what I saw was minimized, what I remembered reframed, and what I resisted pathologized.

- *“You’re imagining things.”*
- *“Don’t be dramatic.”*
- *“You’re being nasty.”*
- *“That’s not what happened.”*

The confusion wasn’t incidental — it functioned as conditioning.

By my teens, the line between truth and invention had blurred so completely that I no longer trusted my own experience.

The message was consistent: the problem wasn’t what was happening.

The problem was that I noticed.

The point was never resolution. It was survival of the scaffolding itself — an image kept intact at any cost. My questions weren't punished because they were wrong; they were punished because noticing the cracks threatened collapse. What I carried wasn't the secret but the cost of sustaining it.

6.4 – Memory Became the Battlefield

At ten, Michael told me he had "felt adopted" at my age too. It sounded like empathy.

It was redirection — demanding loyalty while giving none in return.

I carried his last name, Weiss, like a settlement. Whether there was ever formal adoption remained opaque to me; what never came was an adult willing to state the facts plainly.

The timeline was kept foggy, leaving me doubting my footing.

I recall Aunt Pat smirking over drinks — "Are you sure you weren't in Israel in '72, Michael?" — as if the joke were proof. Then came the constant puns: "renaissance boy," "do-over," and nods from strangers assuming I was his biological son.

It confirmed that others shared a version I wasn't allowed to know, keeping the ground uncertain under me. Press for clarity, and the cost was immediate: I was disrespectful, rude, nasty — the problem.

6.5 – The Weaponization of Access

Even private spaces were breached: drawers opened, journals read, my room searched. I set a trap — a dime-sized baggie of flour, meant to be mistaken for cocaine. If it vanished, I'd know someone had searched my room. In rehab, Tova later told me she had found what she believed to be "a bag of cocaine" in my room. I laughed and told her it was flour, a setup. She refused to believe me.

What began as evidence of intrusion was turned into "proof" against me. They preferred that version, and it stuck. LSD is what I was actually caught with.

Even my body was conscripted into the family script. Stories about my circumcision were repeated for decades at my expense — conflicting versions I never asked to hear. What

should have been private was turned into family lore, warping my sense of self and intimacy for years. That breach was carried forward into every relationship.

The same pattern that controlled the home followed me outward. Relationships felt monitored. Jobs felt conditional. Opportunities disappeared without explanation. Whether coincidence or design, the effect was the same: monitoring replaced trust.

6.6 – Leveraged Promises

Security was always dangled, then withdrawn.

An apartment “kept for me,” replaced with one “meant for me,” both gone.

After Zina’s death, others received items that had been represented to me as intended for me; I received a single check.

After my grandfather’s passing, I was later told that his journals — which I had understood were meant for me — had been destroyed, with Tova brushing them off as ‘just griping about work’; in the same gesture of dismissal, heirlooms I had also been told were intended for me were given away without my consultation. Every promise carried a condition — fail it, and it vanished.

This was never about objects. It was about leverage: shaping behavior through promises, then erasing them. Even if returned now, it would not undo the pattern. Nothing given back erases what was taken then.

6.7 – The Net Effect

Living inside that loop turns memory into a crime scene where you are both the witness and the defendant:

- The more I remembered, the more I was painted as unstable.
- The more I connected the dots, the more I was accused of fabricating them.
- The closer I came to coherence, the faster the rug was pulled.
- What I experienced wasn’t only psychological — it was archival.

Records are revised until the original is unrecognizable, leaving you holding the only version no one will verify.

6.8 – The Architecture of Discrediting

By the time I stepped away, no version of me existed that hadn't already been rewritten first.

The cruelty of narrative abuse is exile — not only from family, but from memory itself.

When the ground keeps shifting, you stop trying to be heard.

By 16, there was no version of me left that could survive inside their script.

I was looking for an exit.

And that's what none of the therapists I worked with ever named aloud — with the sole exception of Jack, who once told me I had to think more. That recognition mattered because it was the only time noticing the obvious was treated as clarity, not pathology.

Instead of naming that, therapy recycled me back into the loop as the problem.

Reality was whatever they could handle; anything they couldn't was treated as if it had never happened.

Even collapse was just another scene in the script.

All of it exacted a cost — in body and mind. This is what the system produces when it drives a child to the edge.

Any denial, dismissal, or silence that follows only repeats the very system already documented here.

Section 7 — A Breaking Point

If there was ever a moment when the story could have cracked, it was *1989*, a couple of months shy of turning 16, between school years, at a summer program at Choate Rosemary Hall.

I had nothing left to trade for belonging.

Every version of me had already been rewritten, every therapist cycled. Every question turned back on me.

And the silence was airtight.

So I tried to end it.

7.1 – The Summer When It Should Have Stopped

This wasn't symbolic.

It wasn't theatrical.

It was exhaustion.

For years the weight built — the secrecy, volatility, the threat that noticing was punishable.

By 1989, the system didn't bend anymore.

It broke. And when it broke, I went with it.

7.2 – The Response Was Silence

After a suicide attempt, you would expect the violence — including being hit — to stop. It didn't. It was folded into the script.

There was no reckoning. No family shift. No sudden clarity about how something so severe could happen to a 16-year-old.

Instead: school, therapy, home.

The only difference was that I was quieter — more manageable. Numbness looked like compliance. Everything continued exactly as before.

7.3 – Violence Didn't Stop Either

For years afterward, whenever I've been asked about it — by therapists, by others — the questions are always the same:

How many times? Were they just smacks? Was it just discipline?

As if a number could change what it was. As if wording could soften the act.

What I know is this:

I remember being hit by my mother as early as four.

And I remember the last two times she came to hit me, when I was already 16, after the attempt that summer.

The second-to-last time, she came into my room. I knew what was coming, and I had already decided how I would face it. I remember planning it, holding myself still, determined to take it. The first strike came across my face. I looked at her and said, *"Do it again."* She did. Again. And I told her each time: do it again. She did, until my pride was in how much I could take. When Michael came home, I was the one told to apologize — for making her hand red.

The very last time, she didn't make it past the doorway. She stood there, with a look I already recognized, ready to come hit me again.

This time I raised my fist to my own face. I hit myself. And I said, *"Tell me when to stop."* I froze each time and said, *"Tell me when to stop."* I did it — again and again. I don't know how many times she watched. Finally, she turned and left, speaking over her shoulder: "I'm going to have you committed."

That was the last time she came to hit me.

So when people ask, How many times? I don't have a number.

I only know this:

I remember the first time before kindergarten.

And I remember the last two times, when I was 16.

How many times before you stop counting?

How many times before you hit yourself in the face while the room looks on?

After that, the cutting began.

And when that led to the threat that I would be locked away, I stopped that, too.

I just went inward.

7.4 – Institutions Looked Away

Even after that — after the attempt, after the hitting, after the cuts — nothing changed.

Nobody at school asked the right questions. No teacher pulled me aside. Therapists didn't press. The adults in control of the record — school files, clinical notes, progress reports — kept the same story intact.

I stayed the *"angry one,"* the *"ungrateful one,"* the *"resistant one."*

The system absorbed all of it without adjustment.

If it can absorb a suicide attempt, open self-harm, and a 16-year-old punching himself in the face while a parent watched, it can absorb anything.

7.5 – Conclusion

A suicide attempt is supposed to stop the story.

Instead of breaking the pattern, it became evidence that the pattern was right. It was absorbed into it.

In that system, my attempt wasn't a warning; it was cited as confirmation that I was the problem.

Section 8 — Why This Letter Exists

For fifty-two years I waited — for someone, anyone — to say the things that remained unsaid. No one did. This letter exists to ensure what happened does not disappear.

It does what silence protected: it names it.

8.1 – This Letter Is a Refusal

A refusal to participate in the performance.

A refusal to pretend that waiting will make the truth surface on its own.

A refusal to carry the weight of what others chose to protect.

8.2 – This Letter Is a Record

It exists because the institutions that should have acted, didn't.

Because when I asked for clarity, I was handed paperwork.

Because the Board of Psychology reduced blurred roles and boundary violations to three words: 'not a client.'

8.3 – This Letter Is Evidence

Evidence of what happens when therapy becomes a shield instead of a mirror.

Evidence that estrangement isn't a single act; it's an outcome — the final shape of years of silence, rewritten stories, and credentialed complicity.

Evidence that the harm came from individuals and from the systems that allowed them to operate inside myths and titles.

8.4 – This Letter Is Not for You

It is not for Tova — who heard the truth directly, had the chance to protect her son, and chose silence presented as love.

It is not for Ivy — who drew Michael into the story and carried it forward as control.

It is not for Michael — who in 2015 reframed a single adult boundary as hostility.

It is not for Yaakov — who treated itineraries as the secret that mattered.

It is not for Dr. Coleman — who admitted mishandling in 2018, then stepped into the same breach in 2024.

8.5 – This Letter Is for the Record

So there is no confusion about who knew what, and when.

So no one can say it was never written down.

So that the story, when retold, is not rewritten by omission.

Every omission left a gap. This record names each one.

This is not family drama. It is documented, institutionalized harm as lived and recorded. After everything else failed, it exists as a formal record.

What Comes Next

You've said it before, and you may say it again:

That I am obsessed — when persistence is refusal to collude with erasure.

"That it's just so sad."

That you don't know why I'm still talking about this.

That I'm damaged, addicted, unstable.

The difference now is that none of it is new.

Every response you might reach for — every dismissal, label, deflection, or rationalization — is already in this record.

Every "I was only trying to help" cover story.

Every dismissal framed as "he just wants attention."

These have been said before, and they are documented here.

You may try to reduce this to tone; you would have to, because the substance stands.

The future is told from the past — not speculation, but patterns repeated for decades. That is why this is clarity — not rage.

A Final Note on Growing Up

I've been told at different ages what my reaction should be:

At ten: "You're too young to understand."

At twenty: "You'll understand when you're my age."

At thirty: “You’re an adult now. Let it go.”

At forty: “It’s behind us.”

At fifty: silence — its own message: it’s too late to care.

These aren’t just stages of life. They were the stages of postponement — truth deferred until it could no longer be spoken. I was once told I would be told “at forty.” I no longer believe there was ever going to be a right time, or that it would have been done, or that it would have made survival easier.

What was called maturity was silence; what was called ‘moving on’ was compliance; what was called family was control. Accountability was asked of me long before I understood the word — yet when I asked for it in return, it was treated as an attack.

It wasn’t the myth itself that caused the deepest harm. It was how much of my life was built around maintaining it.

Addenda

These addenda are not new revelations; they preserve the continuity of what was written before — and left unanswered then and now.

Eighteen Years Ago

On February 5, 2007, I walked into a group family session I paid for with a letter in my hand.

That letter — which each of you later received in full — contained everything in this email.

Everything here was already said once, ignored, and remains unanswered.

Tova, Michael, Ivy: you received it in 2007. You never replied.

Yaakov: you are included now because I later learned you knew about Carmi. In 2007, I believed you didn’t, which is why your name was not on the original.

Dr. Coleman: you were sent a copy as early as 2016, certainly by 2017 — ten years after the original went unanswered.

That day, I didn't make it past the first page before Ivy's interruptions made continuing impossible. No one stepped in.

What I remember are blank stares — whether deliberate or uncomprehending, I cannot say.

This is not revelation. It is the same truth, met again by the same silence.

The Problem You Will Not Name

I don't know which version of the past each of you holds.

In every version I've heard, one thing never changes: I am cast as the problem.

That belief — that the harm begins and ends with me — is the truth you cannot face.

Facing it would mean looking directly at what was built and preserved for decades.

From here, that picture is impossible to excuse.

Michael's avoidance — his own word, repeated often — made him unreachable. Ivy's decisions centered on control. Tova holds to her own account even when documentation differs. Yaakov invokes obligation even when it costs him. Dr. Coleman treats neutrality as protection. These are lived observations, not medical diagnoses.

At fifty, I filed a complaint with the California Board of Psychology.

It has cost me time, energy, money, and years. And the contact, direct or indirect, persists.

The effect has been to keep me pinned to a life I did not choose.

If I'm mistaken about the cause, nothing has stopped anyone from saying so.

There is no measure for the years spent enduring these dynamics instead of living free of them. It would have been clearer if, at the start, the words had been: "We don't give a damn." Then every decision afterward would have been mine — and no one else would have been affected by them.

If, as I suspect, steps have been taken to exclude me from what was once promised, that too will read as the same pattern:

Silence in life, omission in death — the same trail, unbroken.

This record ensures that if such a trail exists, it will be seen in the context of what has been withheld all along.

The Lie of Letting Go

Tova. Ivy. Michael.

You've said I could have lived my life — as if that choice was ever truly mine.

You've said I should have let it go. That time has passed. That I'm still holding on.

From my side, "let it go" has never meant freedom. In practice, it was the closing argument of a system that had already written me out. It has meant to stop holding you to account.

I heard it when the damage came from you.

When roles reversed, the past stayed alive for years, sometimes decades — if it served you.

You could raise my childhood well into my adulthood; the moment I recalled what you had done, it became 'the past' and I was told to drop it "for my peace of mind."

My harm was "old news." Yours stayed "relevant." The problem was never my inability to let go.*Letting go* only worked in one direction: favoring yours.

When I refused to carry what you would not, it became bitterness; when I refused to excuse it, obsession; when I stopped playing my part, betrayal.

In your hands, letting go never felt like healing. It felt like keeping the truth unspoken long enough to live inside the version you preferred.

Tova — I was eight when Dr. Sowers told you — directly — to tell me the truth. You were 35, in America, a mother. You could have raised me inside reality. You didn't. From my vantage, what I lived wasn't fear. It was control — choices that shaped my reality rather than protected it. And if you could not let go of the lie back then — when the truth was handed to you in a professional's office — you were never going to.

Ivy — I was not yet seven when we met. You were 15, in a household with its own instability. You never let it go when it meant taking a 7-year-old away from his entire family. You held to Tova's version of events, and called it letting go. And you never let it go when it came to telling me the truth about your role — you kept that to yourself until I heard it through the grapevine, long after we were both adults.

Michael — When we met, you were thirty-nine: a father, a husband, an addict, a gambler. You brought me into your redemption arc. You told people we were poor because you flew to see my mother — leaving out everything else. That's how it often went. You could not let go of the anecdotes, the drink, the drugs, or the cards; you needed them all until the day you needed saving.

So when any of you say "let it go," I don't hear love. I hear a way of keeping what happened unnamed.

There's a difference between someone in recovery saying "let it go" as hope for freedom, and hearing it from you as a way to stay quiet.

If I hadn't stayed engaged at key moments — a phone call, a project, a question — the truth would have remained hidden, and I would still be living inside the lie.

Trying to do what was asked is what showed me how much of this was built to keep me inside a script. And still, I was accused of lying.

I was punished for anger — while hearing others mocked the moment they left the table.I was called unstable — while being shrilled at regularly. I was told to stop having tantrums — by a man who couldn't handle truth at conversational volume.

You had the ability to withhold, and I was punished for remembering. You chose not to tell me, then called it my burden to carry. And now — after the damage, the letters, the sessions, the silence, the complaint — you still want to say: let it go.

From where I stand, 'letting go' was always your language for 'we got away with it — why are you still here?'

I'm here because truth doesn't disappear when it's not spoken. It waits. You already had your silence. This is the part you don't get to take.

I am (almost) 52. You are (almost) 79, 60, and 83. You had decades — and every chance — to address it. You chose not to.

If you've read this far — whether skimming or sitting with it — you've reached the point where the reflex is to deny, deflect, or say nothing. It won't change what's written.

The words from childhood still echo:

חֻצְפָּן (*chutzpán*) — too shameless to know his place.

תִּתְבַּיֵּשׁ (*titbayésh*) — be ashamed.

I carried that shame. I saw it used as a tool.

And still — here we are.

I wrote, reread, filed, appealed, remembered, cross-referenced, documented, stitched, timed, endured, broke, and rebuilt — until there was nothing left but this record.

Tova, you told me to do things בְּזְמַן (*b'zman*) — "on time."

So here it is: on time, overdue, and never should have been necessary.

And if there's even a flicker of discomfort —

תִּתְבַּיְּשׁוּ (*titbayéshu*)

I did.

That was the currency of control: shame as discipline.

Closing

This is not closure, forgiveness, or catharsis.

It is what remains when waiting no longer matters.

This is casework — an inventory of what silence preserved and what silence cannot erase.

The Board may have decided this was beyond its reach, but I am done mistaking inaction for absence.

I should never have had to write this — but here it is, a reconstruction of what was broken by a system built to protect itself. Even now, that system still demands time and precision to navigate. For decades I was labeled or dismissed, while I am now expected to parse every sentence with care. That asymmetry is the injustice prolonged.

So let this be plain: this is not about silence. It is about what comes before the silence — the lying, the denial, the rewriting, the "let it go," and finally, the retreat into silence as if it erases what came before.

If you had been silent from the start, I might have had a life of my own.

Instead, you dragged me through decades of damage and then called your withdrawal mercy.

What you called "stubbornness" was resistance to your version of reality.

I was expected to bend so no one else would. This record is where that ends.

For decades I stood alone against a version of reality maintained by others. This is the only version I will ever write, and it does not need agreement to stand.

From now on, unanswered silence will be preserved here as part of the record itself, without assigning any meaning beyond its presence.

This is not an invitation to weigh one act against another.

Your "opportunities" were imposed, not chosen, and they do not erase the pattern that made them necessary.

I will not debate memories as "perspective" or effort as "progress." Those arguments have already been exhausted, and they end here.

This record stands without mediation, without debate about intent, time, or tone.

It documents outcomes silence has never corrected.

What you meant is irrelevant.

What you did is on record.

The fact that it took fifty-two years to put this in writing is proof of how long I waited — not an argument against what is written.

For decades, the path of least resistance was to pressure me to forgive or apologize because I was more malleable; no one asked the same of Tova, Michael, or Ivy. This record does not ask for apology, because apologies are meaningless without change.

Bcc recipients are included solely to ensure this record survives beyond a single inbox — because what comes next is not silence, but what others will carry forward.

And for those tempted to dismiss this as 'obsessive,' notice the maneuver: the same volume of material, in academic form — a dissertation — would pass as rigor. Applied to lived experience, by the subject of the harm, it is pathologized. That is not contradiction; it is strategy. The problem is not the length; it is the frame deciding who is allowed to speak without being labeled.

It would be convenient to dismiss this as the eternal angry son railing at phoniness. But unlike that caricature, I am documenting misconduct with dates, correspondence, and admissions. This isn't literary angst. It is record.

If anyone claims this is "too much" or "too long," the critique is self-revealing. Had it been shorter, it would be dismissed as incomplete; briefer still, reductive. Too much, too little — the same dodge, repeated until substance disappears. That is not discernment; it is avoidance.

My intentions will be judged. I expect that. But intentions don't erase what is documented here: a licensed psychologist, with full knowledge of prior harm, re-entered with unsolicited outreach and without my consent; and a Board chose silence over action.

If this sounds unlikely to some, the question remains: what motives could lead a senior psychologist have to repeatedly breach boundaries in favor of one party he calls his client, while dismissing the clear objections of the other? The incentives often discussed in this field include, professional standing, and financial gain. Any of those factors could explain the re-entry. Then my case is not an anomaly but an inevitability.

What began as family silence ended with professional silence — sustained by a licensed psychologist who knew the full record and acted anyway. That is the hinge of this record: with all that was known, the choice was to re-enter. The question it leaves is simple: with the same knowledge — whether read, skimmed, or glossed — would you have stepped in? And if so, why?

If you interpret this as persistence, understand what I already lived: my choices were constrained for decades. Silence wasn't neutral; it was a bind — damned if I spoke, damned if I didn't. I know the lanes available to you: silence, dismissal, deflection, doubling down. The Board already chose procedure over substance. Dr. Coleman already chose neutrality over accountability. Family already chose image over truth. If you choose those lanes again, it proves the point: the system survives only by refusing to change.

When contested conduct is functionally erased by paperwork and therapy is steered by whoever pays, regulation ends up protecting the profession more than the patient.

The only lane untried is iteration — the admission that people revise, grow, and amend. If that is too much, then say it plainly: the field can, at times, protect itself through performance and reputation, rather than accountability. Anything else only repeats the script.

This time, too many people are reading — the silence ends here as a practical matter.

End record.

Postscript

This record isn't just family drama, however much some might wish to frame it that way. It was Dr. Coleman's re-entry — and the California Board of Psychology's decision that effectively protected him — that made this systemic.

They carried private harm into institutional structures and reinforced it. Once that happened, the question is no longer whether I should "let it go." The question is how a system sustained harm it should have stopped. Critics can dismiss my family; they cannot dismiss the system that enabled them. If you read this with a public lens, understand: the details are personal, but the architecture is systemic.

So before this closes, a final note to those who will carry it forward. This is not an add-on or an afterthought; it is part of the record itself, addressed to everyone beyond the primary recipients whose presence here serves a specific purpose.

To those copied directly — you are included not as participants but as custodians of record.

To the BCC recipients — whether you've read every word, skimmed for bearings, or set this aside — your presence is not to engage, but to ensure this record exists in more than one place, as a safeguard against disappearance. However you came to be here, your receipt ensures permanence.

To blood family members — I am sorry it came to this. This is not recruitment or a loyalty test. It is only to bear witness to my lived experience with those directly addressed above.

To friends, acquaintances, and those from my past whose presence here may surprise you — this is not an appeal, not an explanation, not a call to take sides. Your only role is witness; what you carry forward is your choice.

To the California Board of Psychology — you have already issued your conclusion, but this record ensures it cannot be said you were unaware — never shown, never given the opportunity to see how the machinery operates.

To those in the professional sphere — you will recognize the patterns here. If you don't, you're not looking closely enough.

And to anyone else who arrived here by accident or design — the names may change; the architecture does not.

Living in this system shaped how I responded to others — sometimes carrying distrust and survival energy into relationships where it did not belong. Those people did not create the harm that shaped those responses, but they still felt its effects. I know my way of moving through the world — the vigilance, the readiness to name patterns, the mistrust of easy answers — has not always been easy to be around. Some told me never to reach out. Others stepped back.

This is not absolution. It is the one amend I can make — to name it, once, here, in this context — because the rest of my life has been a loop where truth-teller and liar give the same answer, and only the pattern reveals the facts.

Michael's favorite phrase was: *"The chances of you getting that, Yo-Hai, are slim to none."*

Maybe that's the point — the odds of anyone here sharing any responsibility for what they've demanded of me are slim to none. That's the move: pretend there is no remedy so the system can keep running. And if I won't play my part, I'm the unreasonable one.

I've learned the critic's game is to dismiss the form — too long, too short, too detailed, not detailed enough — so they never have to engage the substance. It's a shell game. And like any shell game, the trick only works if the bystander doesn't name it.

So I'm naming it here: the form is not the flaw. And a war of attrition is not insight; it's avoidance. Shifting goalposts isn't judgment; it's evasion. The record stands despite that. The substance is what matters, and the record speaks to that.

This is the only form of record that remains — public, because private handling failed for decades. Privacy here has long functioned as the system's camouflage.

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Appendix*

Every line here wears its hedge on purpose. That is not accident or caution. It is the cost of speaking at all. Truth can only pass if dressed as legal fine print — every qualifier a shield, every hedge a concession. That is the absurdity: the same system that let lies run loose demands precision from the record that names them.

Clause 1: Reality & Perception

Imagine a sack of jigsaw pieces spilling open — no box, no picture for reference, no way to know how many pieces belong, or if some are missing or stolen from another set. I was told I'd be foolish — even crazy — to imagine otherwise. So I sorted the pieces and did my best. Some pieces were forced into place by others insisting they fit — even as the edges splintered. After enough repetitions of *"you're imagining it"* or *"you're just not looking right,"* belief gives way to doubt. That is how perception is stolen: first the right to trust what you see, then the right to grieve its theft. A pattern where paralysis is dressed up as normalcy, and reality is rewritten until resistance itself looks unreasonable. Persistence in naming the pattern is not obsession. If everyone documented with the same clarity, the system itself would collapse under the weight of its evasions. That is why persistence is mislabeled as *obsession*. It is not pathology; it is refusal to collude.

Clause 2: Rebuilding Trust

Later realization that my perception wasn't flawed raises a different question: how do you rebuild trust in it? Without help, the only option is distance. Defensive isolation becomes survival. Yet the demand is always reconciliation, never repair. Trusted figures repeating distortions wasn't limited to family — it appeared in professional contexts too. The harm is the same: erasure of reality.

Clause 3: Professional Breach

That is why a psychologist's 2024 re-entry sits against the backdrop of his 2018 admission of mishandling, already made with the record in view. The most obvious boundary — between a mother and her son — was crossed anyway. In my experience, his re-entry revived harm I had already placed on the record, even after his own prior admission. This wasn't politics or commerce, but psychology itself — the very field tasked with care in this context. If negligence can be reframed as neutral, the standard of care collapses.

Clause 4: Legal Absurdity

The irony is sharp: as a child I could be labeled freely with words more damaging than anything here, yet as an adult I must lace every line with qualifiers. Their accusations were protected as *family*. My documentation requires legal hedging to avoid liability. Too long, too short, too detailed, not detailed enough — the shell game never ends. The critique of form is the distraction from substance. Every comma here wears its hedge not to evade, but to make sure nothing can be dismissed as *flawed packaging.* The flaw is not the form. The flaw is what the form documents. If this section reads like Terms of Service, it's because every comma a shield, every hedge a guard against dismissal.

Clause 5: Family Patterns

Silence never erased the pattern. The lanes were always denial, distortion, or blame. Sprinkles on a Carvel ice cream, vanilla pudding after school, a Lego set — these were diversions, not repair. No one said: "We lied, and here's why." No one said: "We'll make it right." I was punished not for what I did, but for refusing to conform to distortion.

Clause 6: Dr. Coleman's Narrow Lanes

In 2018 he admitted mishandling. In 2024 he re-entered anyway. His explanations reduce to a narrow set of lanes: ignore his own admission, accept distortion, or act without boundaries that had already been acknowledged. None of those lanes led to protection. And the only question that matters remains: why did a senior psychologist, with full knowledge of prior harm and his own admission of mishandling, re-enter again? Every other question — about tone, length, family, or motive — is distraction. Until that question is answered, nothing else is serious.

Clause 7: The Board & Incentives

The Board chose procedure over substance. By closing on "no client relationship," their effect was indifference. If incentives explain more than malice, the indictment only deepens. Bureaucracy becomes its own distortion machine: harm reduced to procedural voids. Silence survives as complicity. What is feared is not one complaint. It is precedent. Because if one case is admitted, then every similar case becomes potential liability. It is easier to pathologize the whistleblower than to allow the industry to be accountable. That fear — not healing — is what drives response.

Clause 8: Society & Trust

Society repeats the same pattern: wealth shields, myths protect, silence is rewarded, truth punished. At every level — family, profession, board — the lanes of benevolence were visible but never taken. The casualty is trust itself. Once broken at every level, distance becomes the only integrity left. Even wrestling dropped kayfabe and admitted the frame; industries that adapt survive. Psychology insists its frame is untouchable and calls those who question it unstable. The refusal to iterate is not protection of patients; it is protection of power.

Clause 9: Self-Indictment & Amends

I hold myself to the same test. My record of living amends — public, imperfect, ongoing — shows accountability is possible. I've made mistakes, owned them, tried to repair. Clumsy or rejected, those efforts still exceed anything I received from those with greater responsibilities. This is not balance, but proof accountability exists.

Clause 10: Exhaustion & Hidden Truths

If this feels heavy, imagine living it. What was called my "burden" was the weight of their silence. This silence forces the victim to become historian and archivist of erasure. Exhaustion is scar tissue: decades of insisting the obvious be named. The heaviness lies in the actions that made this necessary, not in the telling.

And each time I pointed out the pattern, the response was not reflection but escalation. The performance itself became the proof — louder denials, sharper deflections, tighter spins. What was meant to discredit only confirmed the bind: the show was the evidence.

Clause 11: Purpose & Record

This is not retaliation. Their likely performance is already part of the record. The louder the denial, the clearer the pattern — because performance is not rebuttal, it is confirmation. The aim is to document, to prevent recurrence. Whether you see pattern or exception, the absence of accountability is constant. Family, profession, board — the only trust left is the record itself. The record becomes the safeguard, the BCC recipients protection against erasure.

Clause 12: Vindication

This is not written for dialogue. It is for those who once believed you. For every "I love my son," this stands as counterweight. I cannot force admission. But I can ensure the record remains unaltered, immune to spin.

Clause 13: Closing

And since so much of this world comes down to closing a procedural loop — or loophole — let me be explicit: this record is not written to defame, but to document my lived experience as I understand it. Bad-faith readers will invent what they want; this line is not for them. It is here so no one can pretend intent was unclear.

Others may hold different accounts. The law protects them everywhere else: I cannot be compensated for the time, I cannot force change, and I cannot stop them spinning a story. What I can do is put the record in writing, shared with more than one set of eyes so it cannot be erased. In 2007, my first attempt at defining boundaries was caricatured, dismissed, and minimized, instead of processed.

This began with silence and dismissal. It ends as record. Any excerpt is distortion; meaning exists only in the whole.

**All accounts above reflect my perspective, based on my recollections, perceptions, and experiences. Every hedge here is not evasion, but protection for the same lived experience — drawn from correspondence, carried as record.*

Final Memo

Dear 10-Year-Old Me (and any 10-year-old reading this now),

They asked me to write you a letter.

I don't know if anyone ever told you the truth straight, so I'll do it now.

Silence isn't peace. When the adults around you go quiet, it doesn't mean everything is fine. It means the truth is dangerous to them. They'll hide it because the story matters more to them than you do in that moment.

When they say "love" or "loyalty," sometimes it's real, but sometimes it disappears if you ask the wrong question. That's not your fault. It only means you touched the part they don't want named.

People will decide who you are before you even speak. Miracle, burden, troublemaker — the labels come first, and then everything you say gets measured against them. Don't let their script erase your voice.

If they call you rude or disrespectful, it's often not because you're wrong. It's because you noticed something they wanted hidden. Insults aren't proof of your mistake. They're proof that you saw clearly.

Even professionals — the ones with papers and titles — may hand you the same family story with a stamp of authority and call it treatment. Don't mistake that for truth. Paper doesn't make it real.

Your boundaries won't always be respected. Secrets you share may be repeated. Private things about you may be discussed. And if you protest, you'll be told you're imagining it. You're not. You just saw it for what it was.

Promises will often be made and broken. It's not really about the things — houses, gifts, apologies. It's about control. What's given is leverage; what's taken is explanation.

You'll see that forms and signatures carry more weight than your memory. If it isn't written down, they'll say it never happened. If it is written down, it will be used to protect them, not you.

And when they talk about "resolution" or "starting fresh," most of the time it won't mean repair. It will mean avoidance, keeping the story smooth. That's not the same as truth.

But remember this: surviving does not mean agreeing. Enduring something does not mean you consented to it. You were never asked. You were cast into their story. But survival is not surrender.

I'm writing this as your future self, someone who finally stopped carrying their silence. You don't have to be defined by what they refused to face.

With care,
Your older self